

Tim Buck to Speak

Will Address Political Science Club

Tim Buck is coming to our University. The former leader of the Communist Party will address a meeting in Convocation Hall on the evening of Tuesday, October 5.

Sponsored by the Political Science Club, Mr. Buck will address the meeting on the platform and program of the newly-formed Labor-Progressive Party. This is the first meeting this year of the Political Science Club. It expects to bring other prominent political leaders to the campus in the course of the term.

As many students know, Mr. Buck has for years been a prominent figure in Canadian public life. But this will be the first occasion on which he has visited the University of Alberta.

Born in Southern England in 1890, Mr. Buck came to Canada a boy of eighteen. He had apprenticed as a machinist before leaving England, and took up this trade in his first years on this side of the Atlantic. Soon he became an active trade unionist, having held various posts in trade unions.

Mr. Buck was deeply stirred by the Russian Revolution. In the establishment of the Communist regime he saw the hope and the salvation of the working class in all countries. Soon he was busy doing his bit to help the Bolsheviks to stabilize their position. In 1919-20 there was a big move on the part of most Western powers to intervene in Russia and establish a less radical government. Troops were actually sent to help various counter-revolutionary groups. Tim Buck was very active in organizing campaigns against such intervention.

A year or two later he became the leading organizer of the Workers' Party of Canada. In 1923 the Workers' Party reorganized as the Communist Party of Canada, and affiliated with the Third International. Tim Buck remained one of the principal leaders of the Communist Party right up to its recent dissolution.

He has run repeatedly since 1923 for various civic posts in Toronto. At first his support was quite insignificant, but early in 1939 he polled 48,000 votes in a Toronto civic election.

Shortly after the war broke out, Tim Buck and the Communist Party launched an anti-war campaign. They did this because of their sincere conviction that the war was really directed against the working classes of the world rather than Nazi Germany. Soon the Communist Party was banned, and Tim Buck went into hiding, carrying out its activities underground.

The events of 1941 completely changed the tenor of the war from the viewpoint of the Communists.

By the end of 1941, Tim Buck was campaigning most vigorously for a greater war effort. In 1942, while one of the most vigorous exponents of a united and total war effort, he was still sought by the police for anti-war activities. Finally, just about a year ago, Tim Buck walked into a police station and gave himself up. In a short time he was released again, and was conducting a vigorous campaign for a total war effort against Germany. The Communist Party as such, however, was and still is banned.

Recent correspondence from a camp made up of prisoners taken by the German army at Tunisia says: "A city of barracks, separated by streets and square, endless miles of barbed wire, only interrupted here and there by the threatening silhouette of a watch tower. These are the daily surroundings of millions of young men—of some 2,000 prisoners mostly taken in Tunisia, who suddenly and bewilderingly have had to adapt themselves to that strange and restricted life of a prisoner of war. This being a recently erected camp, the prisoners had not yet been able to establish a regular contact with their own people at home. What this personal contact means to countless individuals was made clear to me when we ended up with a tour of the camp."

This summer the Labor-Progressive Party was organized by Communist leaders and others. Tim Buck was unanimously elected National leader of this party at its first convention. At present he is touring Canada lecturing on the Labor-Progressive Party's program, and organizing for the next Federal election.

Today Tim Buck cuts a prominent figure in Canadian public life. We have few opportunities to meet such a colorful leader.

TO MY FELLOW PRISONER

The iron door clangs, the cell darkens,
And iron bars stand in the window.
Weeks pass in day's sameness, the months grow,
And from the months dreary years pass.

But hold, hold, my comrade,
Clench your fists at the hours,
Though heart's anguish devours
Far from even me.

Why must your hands grip the bars,
fellow-prisoners?
Why can't you march with soldiers?
Out there beyond your barred window,

There, outside, where the war is?

But you will learn how to hold here.
This bitter trial is your war now.
There will be time to fight later.
For now—hold your head high.

For blood soaks your soil, oh my comrade,

And metal clangs in our songs.

They come to us on the wind.

They beat at the doors of the prison.

They hammer with fists of song.

Soon our fury will smash doors of iron.

From "Poland Fights," translated by Don Perris.

TIM BUCK



Tim Buck, former Communist leader, will address a meeting of the Political Science Club in Mid 158 on Tuesday, October 5. He is representing the newly-formed Labor-Progressive Party, and will outline his party's platform.

I.S.S. PROPOSED FOR WAR DRIVE

(Continued from Page 1)

living conditions were appalling is supported from Geneva, and has found generous contributors in Sweden too, as the result of the recent appeal. With the combined efforts of Swiss and Swedish students, the E.S.R. hopes to be able to increase the number of Belgian students to be helped by food parcels from Lisbon.

Recent correspondence from a camp made up of prisoners taken by the German army at Tunisia says: "A city of barracks, separated by streets and square, endless miles of barbed wire, only interrupted here and there by the threatening silhouette of a watch tower. These are the daily surroundings of millions of young men—of some 2,000 prisoners mostly taken in Tunisia, who suddenly and bewilderingly have had to adapt themselves to that strange and restricted life of a prisoner of war. This being a recently erected camp, the prisoners had not yet been able to establish a regular contact with their own people at home. What this personal contact means to countless individuals was made clear to me when we ended up with a tour of the camp."

"It came in a flash when I had a brief chat with a lonesome and somewhat bewildered looking law student, and told him that we would be glad to help him in every possible way to continue his studies during captivity. Like most of his fellow prisoners, this student had not yet received a single communication from home since being taken prisoner more than four months before. And here he was, unexpectedly approached by a fellow student from the outside, offering personal and individual assistance for this particular intellectual need. 'My, this was a perfect godsend,' I must say," was his half stammered reaction. "I thought my time in this camp was going to be completely wasted!"

His eyes were simply shining behind his spectacles as he thanked me for this offer, which to him meant a new ray of hope, a tiny bit of meaning in a meaningless world."

Communications from China describe Chungking University as "housed in mud and wattle, full of rats and bed-bugs and draughts. Students sleep on double-decker beds, eat standing up, supplement the vagaries of the electricity supply with vegetable oil lamps and fourth rate candles, and in general, all the stories you have heard are true. They are poor as mice, out of touch with their homes, their clothes wearing out, their books borrowed from the library, their state of health getting lower and lower. I think the professors are in even worse condition. The minority that carry on the university task, come what may,

LIMERICKS

There once was a scheming young minx
Who fluttered her eyes at the Sphinx.
"How pertly she slinx!"
(He shivered his chin)
"Methinx," said the Sphinx, "that she winx!"

"Let's have a chat," said the cat,
To a toothsome fat little rat.
"Why, yes," said the rat,
"I'll get a cravat,
"A pink one, at that,
"And beaverskin hat,—
And postpone that last line indefinitely."

HOSPITAL HIGHLIGHTS

The new term at the U.A.H. really began on September 6, with a general meeting of all the student nurses, presided over by Midge Clendennan, in absence of the president, Nan Mitchell. Plans for the forthcoming year were discussed with the usual gusto, and it was decided that a function would be planned for each month.

A hike was conducted in honor of

the new probies—all 24 of them—on September 20, when a very peppy time was had by all, the traditional appetite of nurses adding to the enjoyment.

With Pat Routledge as vice-president, the nurses are taking considerably more interest in the activities of the Students' Union this year, and are determined to give it the best possible support.

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REMINISCENCES OF FRESHMAN WEEK

The Gruesome Details Follow

(Editor's Note: The following is taken from The Gateway files of October, 1925, when Freshman Introduction Week featured all the devilishly original tortures that the upper classmen could dream up.)

The grande finale of initiation week began at the cold grey hour of 3 a.m. on Thursday, October 8. The Frosh, with vivid and fearful anticipations of the ordeal to come, were sent to bed early the previous evening. At the appointed hour they began filing into the lower gymnasium of Athabasca Hall, where their numbers were checked off and the roll called. Tightly blindfolded and with hands bound behind their backs, they were formed in rows, like prisoners awaiting the hand of the executioner, while the preparers of the ritual completed final arrangements.

At last all were ready. With elaborate ceremonial, the first victim was conducted to the sacrificial altar. After mounting what seemed to the poor Freshie to be an interminable number of steps, he was still blindfolded, thrown into space. The fall ending abruptly, he was tossed high in the air, to fall again, and again to soar skywards.

The initiatory degree was now well under way. Already startled, the wondering Freshie was jammed into a barrel from which—at least to his probably distorted imagination—had just been emptied a heterogeneous mixture of garlic, axle grease, limburger cheese, and other things which it would be strictly "commel faut" to mention, and rolled down an incline. Emerging from this, he was faced with a gigantic push ball, and ordered to climb it while his conductors unmercifully flailed the posterior part of his anatomy with paddles.

From here the green one, amazed at the diabolical subtlety of his torture, was sent backward between two bars, paddled as he went. To his relief he was seated in a comfortable chair, only to bound upward as a jolt of electricity passed through him. After climbing a ladder which seemed to lead him into mid-air, he was shot into a tunnel, where frightful sounds rang in his terrified ears. On emerging from here he was again flailed, sent scuttling along another ladder, and hurried along a passageway with deep steps coming at varied and unknown intervals. Wafted almost into unconsciousness—if he had not already reached that state—by a terrible anaesthetic, he was placed on the operating table, where a mustard plaster was applied to his chest and a vile mixture to his hair. Proceeding downstairs, he was led into another chamber, and thoroughly calcined. The worst was over. All that remained was to wait in patient resignation while his comrades underwent the same ordeal.

When all was apparently over, blindfolds were removed and the thankful Freshmen were seated in the balcony of the gymnasium and allowed the privilege of witnessing the initiation of a few late comers.

The merriment with which they followed the antics of their comrades showed that what they themselves had gone through had not been as bad as the foregoing recital would indicate. A much appreciated breakfast of rolls, apples and coffee, broken with Varsity yell and songs, was handed out by the Sophs.

Preparatory to the grand after-theatre climax, the yelling gang was initiated into the secret of the snake dance, running over the campus and through the dance in Athabasca Hall.

With the purpose of instructing them in the art of playing the game of "Tip the Bucket," the painted and bespattered congregation was assembled on the campus in front of Pembina Hall, where the apparatus, carefully prepared according to Hoyle, was ready. This consisted of a box suspended on two pails, about eight feet high. One side of this box had an extension containing a circular hole about six inches in diameter. Two men played the game at once. One sat in a wheelbarrow and held posed in his uplifted hand a wooden spear, with instructions to throw it through the hole as the second participant wheeled him under the box. In said box was a pail of ice cold water, and if, in the rush between the pails, the spearman failed to pass his weapon cleanly through the opening, the bottom of the box was released and the water descended upon the heads of the unlucky pair. Having learned this game to their entire satisfaction, the Frosh were released to prepare for the big event of the afternoon.

At 2:30 p.m., all were once more gathered on the campus. Resident Freshmen were lined up against non-residents in an endeavour to put the big push ball across the opponent's line. For two five-minute periods the rivals battled furiously, but neither scored. The next event was Sophs against Frosh, in which the rivalry was even more keen. Although there was little actual hard feeling, the bystanders could, at any time, see half a dozen little affairs going on, apart from the main contest. The first point was gained by the Freshmen; the second, a much disputed one, by the Sophs. The game waxed hot and fast for over fifteen minutes, but no more points were made by either side.

And so the Class of '29 were introduced to, and became full-fledged members of, the University of Alberta.



1. Front of the Arts Building where Freshmen and others gather to discuss subjects and problems—and to have their pictures taken.
2. Mary Spencer, plaid suit and all, is caught by the Candid Camera man as she goes home.
3. Two Freshmen smile for the birdie.
4. Beryl and Betty, Freshettes with the sun in their eyes, let the Cameraman snap a picture.
5. Wilson, Butterfield, McCaffery Inc., Freshman Counsellors, arrange for Freshie photographs.
6. Art Follett, Jean Massey, Mary Soper, and Pinky Helmer pose for the camera.

Review of Freshie Week's Activities; Smoker for Men; Tea for Women; Tea Dance—All Memories Now

BOB BUCKLEY, FRESHMAN COMMITTEE HEAD

The Freshmen and Freshettes of '29 have been given a royal welcome to Varsity. All functions of Freshman Introduction Week were run by the Freshman Introduction Committee, ably assisted by the Co-ed Club, which did the catering on two occasions. The Wauneta Society welcomed Freshettes with a tea and a hike, while the E.S.S. put on a smoker for the Freshmen.

The first Wauneta function was

men's Arts common room, where Mrs. Robert Newton received new women students and Dr. Mary Winspear poured tea.

Wednesday evening at Con Hall, Freshies gathered to hear Dr. Newton's address. He stressed the duties of the University towards society, and the responsibilities of the students as its representatives in the post-war world. Gerard Amerongen, President of the Students' Council, spoke a few words in a lighter vein. Dr. Winspear spoke briefly to the Freshettes, highlighting

"the woman's angle" of campus life.

A tea dance was held in the drill hall Thursday by the Freshman Introduction Committee. After initial difficulties with the Wurlitzer, the affair was set off to a fine start by the efforts of Ken Nickerson, Bill Simpson and associates. The more bashful of the Frosh got into the "Paul Jones" dances and a lot of the shyness wore off. Cakes and punch were served by the Co-ed Club.

The evening of the same day, Freshmen were entertained at a smoker under the auspices of the E.S.S., and Freshettes attended a weiner roast at the Chalet. The girls spent the evening eating "dawgs" and singing.

A Freshman Pep Rally was held by the F.I.C. Friday night in the drill hall. Enthusiastic students roared out Varsity yells and songs, and a few other appropriate ballads,

under the direction of a group of cheer-leaders, who ran both themselves and their vocal chords quite ragged for good old U. of A. The rally was followed by a dance, when more Freshmen met more Freshettes and both got along very well.

The festivities of Freshman week reached a climax in the Mixer Dance held in Convocation Hall on Saturday night. Most of the Freshies turned out in their best bibs and tuckers. The packed floor and the general friendly atmosphere wore off most of the shyness. That "day-old-check" look became a thing of the past.

The Freshman Introduction Committee, headed by Bob Buckley, included Bill Simpson, Alf Harper, Ken Nickerson, Jimmie McBride, Ralph Jamison, Doris Tanner, Betty McCaffery, Hermie De Pfeiffer, Lois McQueen, Laverna Quinn, Joan Johnstone, Betty Wilson, Joan Butterfield, Mary Soper, Ruth Waddell, Sheila McRae.

They're all in their places
With bright shiny faces,
The Frosh know the way
To work and to play.

Jitterbugs Give Show at Freshie Mixer Dance

KEMSLEY AND WARD WIN PRIZE

At 8:15 last Saturday night, "Con" Hall opened its doors once more to a throng of happy students just returned from the carefree days of a wonderful summer and the easy-going life of high school.

If their bright and shining faces were any indication of how they felt, the Frosh were thoroughly enjoying themselves from beginning to end. The tense excitement of the first few dances as the Frosh looked their partners over with awe and admiration for a fellow sufferer, soon gave way to genuine smiles and

laughter as new friends were made for the coming year. As the evening wore on to near its close, many of the smiling faces became more serious as they realized the true significance of Varsity and all the fine things it can stand for; that they were there for a reason—to aid in the coming world, and that they must therefore do their very best, as all those in the armed forces are doing their very best in a different way. They wanted to make the most of this casual dance before continuing to things more serious. They were anxious to meet people, new and old; to hold them as permanent friends far into the future—friends who will greatly broaden and brighten their lives. Yes, it was with genuine regret that the Freshmen watched this dance finally come to its end.

He did notice Frank Murphy at the tea dance looking over the new crop, as usual. How many years is this, Frank? Also, what is your verdict? Yehudi thinks they are better than ever.

Rumors of a man shortage at the U. of A. were floating around Yehudi's ears, but he had thought that the stag line at the Freshie Mixer disproved them. And then in Tuck one day he blinked and got quite confused again, cause he saw three gals, Butterfield, De Pfeiffer and Waddell, working on little Lou Beauchamp. With three against one, he didn't have a chance of course.

Yehudi strolled around Garneau the other day and he saw Sheila McCrae enjoying the lovely autumn weather with a lanky lad. Frankly, for gosh sakes, he wants to know if this is turning into one of those eternal triangles?

Yours truly felt benevolent at the Mixed Dance. He was glad to see that almost everyone mixed and seemed to have fun. Something new has been added to dances that makes those old junior and senior boys seem staid. The freshies can jitter, and "they tell me." Editor, that when you dance with dark-eyed Dot Ward it's out of this world. She won a prize for jive, and "they tell me" it's two tickets to the Wauneta. Don't forget, boys, now is the time to work on the girls. I've started, believe me. The date of the Wauneta is rumored to be around the 20th of next month, so good luck.

And speaking of the Freshie Mixer, there was the story about the senior who went to the dance and swallowed a line that was handed to her by a little freshman. It seems he talked her into believing he was an Indian, warpaint and all. Maybe the seniors are more gullible than the freshettes, follows?

Yehudi looked into the library on Monday morning, and was proud to see the number of students there, staring stonily at their books. Children, this is the right attitude; keep it up and you'll rate seconds or better.

Yehudi was really shocked to see his revered Editor right in there with the wolf pack at all the frosh functions. (Yehudi doesn't get to be a wolf yet, he's just a cub reporter.) He said he was covering the dances for The Gateway, but of course he lies in his teeth.

There are quite a few questions puzzling your old friend. What was the reason for the sudden crop of moustaches, and why did they disappear so quickly? Did the Dekes gang up on you, Nick, or was it feminine influence? The other problem is—Who broke the Tuck Shop window? If any of you know the answers to these problems, please relieve my poor cerebrum.

Yehudi's kid sister says this year the girls may graduate in short dresses. He thinks this would be a pity, and couldn't the seniors beg, borrow or steal a long one? And what's this about the next year book looking a little anaemic? C'est la guerre.

Well, Yehudi likes to watch the way campus couples change partners. (It reminds him of a dance, and he likes dancing.) Changes are interesting anyhow, and you get to know more people that way.

Eye for now. Here's to bigger and better peekings.

YEHUDI.

LOST
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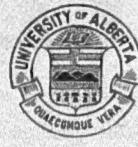
11:00 a.m.—Sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

7:30 p.m.—Guest Preacher: REV. GORDON A. SISCO, D.D., General Secretary of the United Church.

8:30 p.m.—Young People's Fireside Hour.

CORDIAL WELCOME TO STUDENTS

THE GATEWAY



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GATEWAY POLICY

We are entering into our thirty-fifth year of publication, and as we glance through The Gateway files we are deeply conscious of the fine work of our predecessors. We feel that we should "grow as we go" while we still retain those principles which have made The Gateway a paper of which we are justly proud. Thus in establishing our policy we will reach back into the past, and attempt to pick out those factors which have built The Gateway into a fine student paper, and with these as a basis, formulate the policy for this year.

Our primary purpose is to provide as complete a coverage of campus news as possible, and give a cross-section of campus opinion. Our keystones will therefore be honesty, sincerity and integrity. We will attempt to interpret without prejudice or partisanship any matters which come to our attention. We will not swing to the extreme Left or Right. We will retain our individuality, catering to no single class of student, or to any organization. We will retain the right to accept or reject copy, endeavouring to publish a paper that caters to the best that is in the University. We will encourage material from as many different writers as possible, students, faculty and alumni, thereby linking more closely the University students and the faculty and our University, past and present. We will seek co-operation and understanding from all readers, for we do not intend to reject material indiscriminately, but will rather attempt to honestly present student opinions.

We realize that we exist only as one small unit in a much larger whole; we are one University in many. We intend, therefore, to make as full use as possible of the Canadian University Press, printing any news item or feature which may directly or indirectly affect the students of the University of Alberta.

When the final edition rolls off the presses we hope to be able to look over the files of this year and say that we have not failed our policy in any way.

CO-ED WAR WORK

Unless the War Board, which exercises full authority over all women's war work on the campus, makes a clear and definite statement in the very near future regarding the means of obtaining hours, many co-eds will find at the end of the year that their hours of war work total far short of the sixty-hour quota. At a meeting of all women students near the close of last year, the co-eds were told by the Director of War Work that hours spent in athletics would be credited as hours of war service. This statement was reiterated by the Women's Physical Training Instructor at the beginning of the present term, and we are sure that the majority of girls on the campus are under the impression that hours for war work can be obtained through activity in sports. Evidently the writer of "In the Spotlight" in the last Gateway was under that impression. We also know that certain students were told they would be exempted from at least part of their war work if they were doing remunerative work outside Varsity.

However, according to Lieut.-Col. Warren, no authority has been vested in either the director of war work nor the physical training instructor to so inform women students, other than Freshettes. The War Board alone has the power to make decisions concerning war activities on the campus for either men or women. When the Commanding Officer himself may not stipulate as to whether or not the junior and senior co-eds will receive approved hours

News and Views From Other U's

C.U.P.

"What is the C.U.P.?" is a question frequently asked by the students. C.U.P. stands for Canadian University Press, and according to the little green handbook this is an organization composed of all colleges and university undergraduate newspapers in Canada. The executive members are the papers themselves. With hundreds and thousands of miles separating each, it is rather difficult to collaborate verbally, and so the purpose of C.U.P. is to provide a national press service to college or university publications. This is done by telegraph and mail, resulting in the exchange of spot news and feature material. Each member thus benefits by obtaining a cross-section of Canadian student opinion.

There are fifteen members of the Canadian University Press, comprised of papers from Halifax to Vancouver, with a circulation of 27,000. The Gateway is a link in this trans-Canada chain, so when the letters C.U.P. appear in our paper it just means that the news has been received hot off the wires from another university.

FRESHMEN.

It is not only Freshie time at the U. of A., but everywhere in Canada and the United States campuses are thronged with Frosh having their troubles and fun. At the State College in South Dakota registration has dropped from 1,176 to 333 students. Even so, they are attempting to keep up their old tradition of Hobo Day in an abbreviated form. There is a rule that upon entering State in September, no man shall shave until Hobo Day, when prizes are given for the best beard. The girls on this day dress as Indians. Freshmen are required to wear a green cap and must press the button in the center of it whenever called upon to do so by upperclassmen.

At Manitoba "normal registration is indicated by tentorial tabulation." Frosh hats are the distinguishing feature on Freshman Day, which includes "bands, queens, athletes, queens, cheers, peanuts and queens."

Hello Week is in full swing at the University of Utah. A blonde, a blonde and a redhead were in the running for queen. The blonde won. Festive signs were posted along Hello Walk, reminding students to stop, smile and say "hello"—in other words, legalized wolfing.

DRAMATICS.

From the Manitoban: "This year, drama will play a larger and more important part in University life than ever before."

Dr. C. Lowell Lees, newly appointed head of the speech department and director of the theatre at the U. of Utah, is quoted in the Chronicle: "The most important factor in the success of a university theatre is to have a majority of students take advantage of the activity afforded by it."

of war work for sports or get exemption for doing remunerative jobs, how may those of lesser authority give a definite statement?

Some of the girls, not seeing the connection between the war effort and sliding down a hill on toboggan (since they have been told that the Outdoor Club will be counted as a sport), would like to put in their hours doing girls' work outside of Varsity. They feel that this would be a more practical way of helping the war than, for instance, merely sitting in lectures on social service. But unless a statement is issued by the War Board immediately, they cannot know whether credit will be given or not.

Perhaps it would be better if the authorities on the subject got together and straightened out their decisions, so that the co-eds could start immediately to obtain their hours before the pressure of exams is too close upon them.

Since we are to be expelled at Christmas if we fail in one exam, we would like to know exactly what constitutes war work and what does not, so that we won't have to waste precious time in participating in some activity in which we have not enough interest to keep us active unless credit is given us.

FACULTY COLUMN

In this issue we present a new feature—a faculty column. For a long time students have felt that their professors have something to say to them; something other than the regular classroom subjects; perhaps a word of advice or encouragement; perhaps a suggestion or two that will help them to have a more successful year. The suggestion was accepted by the faculty enthusiastically, for they, too, had thought of such a column. We feel safe in prophesying a favorable future for this series, as it has come from our readers themselves.

Professor Salter of the English Department, who has been for many years a friend of The Gateway, has kindly consented to bring the column into existence in this issue. Three years ago, Professor Salter wrote an article for this paper. Last year it was reprinted by request. From our columns via the C.U.P. it made its way across Canada, appearing in other University papers.

We are proud to introduce to our readers a new column—and an old friend.

A NEW CHAIR

With the opening of the North country and the Alaska Highway, the term "Gateway" assumes a bigger and broader connotation. Because of this highway the distance between Asia and America has been lessened, and the two continents have been drawn together. It would seem possible, then, that after the present war has ceased, the relationships between the two continents will be more intimate. The

THE GATEWAY

FACULTY ON THE SPOT

OF COLLEGE SPIRIT

By Professor F. M. Salter

The Editor has asked me to open a new column in The Gateway. It is a privilege to do so, and I am grateful. He proposes to invite each week a member of the University Faculty to talk in print to students about things of mutual interest.

No doubt the idea of the column—although the Editor did not say so—springs from the universal desire of human beings to go slumming, from the perennial desire of students to see the other side of the lives of their instructors. This is a legitimate desire. Instructors read The Gateway to satisfy the same sort of curiosity about students. In any case, surely everyone on the academic staff occasionally has something to say to students that he has no opportunity to say in the classroom or that he would like to address the whole student body. Permitting ourselves to be read at such times is to satisfy in some measure that desire to know one's instructors which we ourselves experienced a few short years ago. Besides, it may help to maintain the sort of student-faculty kindness and understanding that ought to prevail on every campus.

The Editor's idea, in short, seems a splendid one, and I hope he will make a success of it.

OF COLLEGE SPIRIT . . .

Every year a rash of college spirit breaks out on the campus in the Fall, ceases to irritate by Christmas time, and is completely healed over by Spring. No doubt examinations have something to do with the cure. While it rages, it assumes many forms: editorials in The Gateway, impassioned pleas to "support your team," weird costumes for the bewildered newcomers, Sadie Hawkins Week, and a good deal of perverted humor from the Engineers.

Let me not be quoted against the Engineers. I think they are fine fellows. This year they offered to donate to the University the labor to build a cement sidewalk from the Arts Building to the Tuck Shop. Unfortunately, the sidewalk would cut across the site for the proposed Administration Building, and the University authorities regrettably declined the offer. But I do wish somebody would educate the Engineers, or at least tell them that they will not spend their lives striding in long boots from mountain top to mountain top, spitting tobacco juice at every jump and painting towns red on alternate Saturdays. The poor dears never seem to realize that they will be chained to desks in their "future life" indulging as best they can in polite conversation.

To return: I cannot see what Sadie Hawkins has to do with college spirit. College spirit is supposed to confer great benefits upon the University, but the only effect of the divine Sadie seems to be that of rendering the whole campus cheap and silly in the eyes of the public. That is not to say that I object to fun. By no means. I object only to fun labeled as something else. By all means go ahead with the revelry of Sadie's week if you like, but don't call it college spirit, and don't bludgeon others into joining you by accusing them of lacking college spirit when as a matter of fact they lack only your peculiar variety of humor and prefer to find their fun in other things. In the same way, I can't see what benefit the University derives from compulsory attendance at football games. The best way to get a crowd out is to play good football, or in some other way to guarantee an enjoyable afternoon for others than the players. I like to see a good football game, but I have never deluded myself into thinking I was doing anybody but myself any good in going to see one. In the same way, I enjoy the Philharmonic and the productions of the Dramatic Society, but no amount of college spirit would compel me to say that a college play was good when I thought it was bad. This remark gets close to the heart of the matter, for the propagandized variety of college spirit would stultify the critical faculty. I am so much interested in developing a critical faculty in students that I regard "college spirit" as Enemy Number One. For without an ability to assess and estimate value, our students will not do well in later life—and, frankly, their later life is the think I am most concerned about.

One final word about "college spirit" that I hope will not strike too sour a note. If this spirit is of any real value, it will have some permanence; but the fact is that of the thousands who have graduated from this University, only a few hundreds can find a dollar a year to maintain a connection with the place through The New Trail and the Alumni Association. Many universities have large endowments built up by graduates, but the college spirit of our campus persists at graduation.

There is room indeed for a more genuine type of college spirit among our students, a spirit that would derive from a lively sense of the purposes for which the University was founded, from gratitude for benefits received, and from a desire to make the place better for those who come after. What this University stands for is well indicated by the motto, which is taken from the Epistle of Saint Paul to the Philippians:

Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report: if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things.

If we carefully study this beautiful passage, nobody will need to define for us what college spirit ought to be.

The student who best exhibits college spirit is the lad who tries to get for himself the best that is available on the campus. He will try to live a rounded, complete life. He will take part in athletics, of course, and in amusements and recreations of all kinds, but he will also remember that the taxpayers of Alberta—most of whom find it rather difficult to dig up their taxes—are investing in him at least \$250 a year, and that they hope for a decent return on their money. He will be interested not only in himself but in all things that tend to the welfare and the "good report" of the University, and he will do his part in building up those inspiring traditions that will remain here hundreds of years from now.

Have I poked fun at the Engineers? Let me make amends. One of the finest examples of true college spirit that I have known was the offer of the Engineers to build that sidewalk. Other examples of the genuine thing would not be hard to find. Our Faculty shows a true devotion to the purposes of the University: standards here are high, and no student "gets by" without serious work. And however grim and tyrannical a particular professor may seem, let us remember that he is doing what the fathers of the Province asked the University to do, and let us be glad that his stern determination to do his job never falters. Remember also what is the universal experience of mankind: it is frequently the tough old buzzard who really teaches us things. But you may not see him at football games, and Sadie Hawkins gives him a pain. I would like to hold up also as splendid examples of genuine college spirit the whole of the University sub-staff. Boys and girls on The Gateway know how important to the success of the paper are the printers, but the same fine human qualities are to be found everywhere on the campus, in the shops and offices. If you want to see true devotion to the University, follow Bill Hudson through his daily round, or hunt up Reg. Lister or Harry Lister or Jessie Mitchell or Teeny Miller or Jessie Brown. Some of these persons have been with us ever since the University started on the present campus; and they have conferred fine benefits on generation after generation of students. And if you would like a vivid lesson in the glory of a well spent life, try to visit Reg. Lister at Christmas time when his whole house is full of cards from students all over the world.

For my own part, I yield to nobody in devotion to the true University of Alberta. That is the same thing as saying that I try to give my students all the help I can, that I worry about my work constantly, trying to cut down the percentage of failure, but that I sternly refuse to go soft. It is the same thing as saying that I must not permit myself to be silent when it is time to object to any policy that seems unsound. I feel that it is unwise on my part to become too intimate with students while they are still in my classes, but when my boys and girls come to see me afterwards, there is rejoicing in Heaven. There must be, because there is rejoicing in my heart. And being glad when my students do well in the world—that is my version of college spirit. It is natural and effortless, it requires no antics of cheer-leaders to whip it up, but as long as I am still one foot out of the grave, it will be there.

Universities of British Columbia, Alberta and Saskatchewan would therefore play vital roles in this new state of affairs. Since we are (or think we are) far-sighted in most matters, would it be too much to hope that these provinces might become the source of diplomats to the Eastern world? In that case, it might be wise to consider the feasibility of establishing a chair in Japanese, or Chinese, or even Russian—one in each respective University—and thereby prepare for a future need. Language, literature and history could be taught, and when the time comes we should have diplomats who required no translator when they conversed with men from these countries. The cost should not be too great—\$10,000.00 should supply books and an instructor for a University.

TAKE FIVE

By The Deacon

It's this way, see (or maybe I'm on the wrong road). Any-way (either this or that), I'm hop-scotching across the campus weeds registration day, when a Freshman with that "fly-catcher" look all over his stupid face, smartly remarks to another of the same breed, "Is that his nose or a banana he's eating?" Now, isn't that foolish—where would I or you, or anyone else who feels hurt at not being mentioned, get a banana these days!

Which reminds me of one day last week. As a matter of truth, I remember every day last week, but this one in "especial". It was the day after Monday—I guess it must have been Tuesday, unless you are using last year's calendar. Anyhow, Joe Slutzenberger, an Irishman, who lives in the Russian hotel, came tripping into my cell. Said J.S. in his cute Irish brogue (he could only afford one—but the shoe store is saving the other one for him), "Now, how would ye be likin' to go out with a blind date?" Answered I, in a combination yodel and slobber, "Faith, hope, charity and begorra, Slutzenberger, wouldst thou that I be her seeing-eye dog?" But after his unreliable assurance that the kitten in question was the loveliest little chick that ever had been on a man-hunt, I decided after much deliberation (8 3-5 seconds to be meticulous and ridiculous) to chance it—however risky it might be.

I was on pins and needles the whole day. (Some dirty dirt dropped a pin cushion in my jeans). Finally the night came, as it usually does after each day. The melodic strains of "Awaiting the Chair" could be heard sleeping through my transom (and I don't ask which part of the anatomy is the transom—I mean the door). I tied myself up in my best garb—slapped a chunk of crisco on my hair—patted it "onct" or thrice—picked up the largest cigarette butts I could find, and away we went.

Arriving at our destination, I lightened the safety catches on my garters, and put the knuckles to the door. Naturally (or in some other manner) somebody opened it. And there posed a beautiful refugee from Earl Carrolls. I breezed in like a squirt from a siphon, beaming from ear to ear, with all six cavities showing. I bowed profusely to the little darling. "Excuse me," she said in a sultry whisper that put hairy points on my ears, "your date is in the living room." I entered the room and peered around anxiously.

One view and I had astigmatism. She, the whole three of her, was piled beside the baby grand piano. Some muscle-mechanic had poured her into an evening dress, but evidently there wasn't enough dress and she overflowed in places. The dress itself looked more gone than gown to me. Yes, she was quite a burly thing—a regular bargain basement fullback. The odor of touch-me-not perfume whirled up my nostrils. With the aid of a road map, I made the circuit tour around her, and after coming out of the fog sufficiently to close my mouth, I staggered towards her and bowed profanely (that's exactly what I meant). She blushed and blinked, and in her confusion she leaned upon the piano. That finished the piano—it went on through to the basement.

"I'm Bridget," she giggled, and her three chins began to do a South African war dance. She stood as big as life, and believe me, life was damn big at this point. "I'm me," I

"Yes, in August, 1940."

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Features

The Critic's Column

With this issue of The Gateway, we are reopening a column long dormant. Its purpose will be to offer the students of this University reviews of amateur and professional stage productions around town. During dark weeks on the legitimate stage, this space will be taken with movie reviews. Your reporter, knowing well enough that at present there is not an over-abundance of filthy lucre in students' pockets, will attempt to steer you clear of gyp joints. Nothing undermines a person as the feeling that he has been taken for the proverbial ride. Some feel their ride at the beginning of this session was terrific. Hence this column.

BATAAN.

Students here who are about to take their seat in the Senate, well remember that Saturday afternoon classic of the dim past, The Lost Patrol. Well, here is the World War II version of a lost patrol. The men are still sweating it out, the Arabs are now Japs, and the sergeant still digs his grave at the end. No one seems to be suffering horribly in the picture. Everyone is surprisingly well-fed and healthy. I'm convinced now that Hollywood will never be able to lose a patrol in the Arctic. How would Robert Taylor look, girls, with a frozen nose, hollow cheeks, and all his teeth missing? However, this picture is significant of the times. It shows the only way we can be persuaded to buy war bonds is to watch a group of grown-up kiddies playing cowboys and Indians on the screen.

AIR FORCE.

One of the best war pictures to date. The Odyssey of the Flying Fortress Mary Ann really takes you from San Francisco to Hawaii, Wake Island, Manila, and Australia. The Mary Ann always arrives just one jump ahead of the little yellow men, and as the captain of the crew remarks, "Are we going to find a place the Japs haven't touched?" Surprisingly, the acting is simple and fine, as everyone in the picture is portraying the usual type found in our community with the exception, of course, of the pretty co-pilot. He manager to look stupid. There are two handsome newcomers, and one of them, who portrays Tex Raeder, nearly steals the picture. There is a great deal of shooting, shouting and roaring motors. But you don't mind this because the director has managed to make all this interesting to you. Air Force

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NOTE BOOKS AND
NOTE PAPER
FOUNTAIN PENS

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Registration in British universities has fallen from the 1939 figure of 50,000 students to 37,000 at the present time. The drop has been entirely among men, figures show, as the number of women enrolled—11,000—remains the same.

CHEWING GUM

La Presna, Argentina's largest newspaper, hesitated about accepting a Wrigley advertisement because they did not like the idea of introducing the chewing gum habit to Argentina.—Reader's Digest.

Theatre Directory

EMPRESS—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Naughty Marietta," Nelson Eddy and Jeanette McDonald; also "Power of Press." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Melody Parade," also "Fangs of the Wild."

GARNEAU—Friday, Sat., "Powers Girl," George Murphy, Anne Shirley and Carol Landis, plus "Silver Queen." Mon., Tues., Wed., "Slightly Dangerous," Lana Turner and Robert Young; also "Chetniks." Thurs., "Air Rid Wardens," Laurel and Hardy; also "Hit Parade of 1943."

STRAND—Friday, Sat., Mon., "Silver Spurs," Roy Rogers; also "The Purple V." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Hitler's Children," Bonita Granville; also "Design for Scandal."

RIALTO—Friday, Sat., Mon., "It Comes Up Love," Donald O'Connor; also "Half Way to Shanghai." Tues., Wed., Thurs., "Captive Wild Woman," Evelyn Ankers and John Carradine; also "Hi Ya Chum."

VARSCONA—Sat., Mon., Tues., "Pittsburgh," Marlene Dietrich, Randolph and John Wayne; also "Are Husbands Necessary?" Ray Milland and Betty Field. Wed., Thurs., "Here We Go Again"; also "Ghost of Frankenstein."

POME

I'm not a shark at Biochem or Physiology,
And now my head is in a whirl, my
poor eyes cannot see;
For words that I can't pronounce,
and can't begin to sell,
Like polymorphonuclear, and bigger
ones as well,

I must write down with studied
ease and know just what they
mean.
The glands aren't ductless any more,
oh, no, they're endocrine.
Our public school red corpuscles are
now erythrocytes.

My trusty voice box quickly changed
to voice box overnight;

You can't just starve to death, I'm
told, you die of nutrition,

It's not the fight that stops your
heart, it's cardiac inhibition.

And after all the things I learned,
there wasn't one, I swear,

That I had learned the night before

—I didn't even care.

—Anonymous—for obvious reasons.

Presently a dark figure emerges from a building facing on the camp (for it is a camp) parade square. It is the bugler, who so shakily wakes with the cold that he could be mistaken for several men walking in a group. Achieving a nearly erect position, he first blows a few exploratory ice-cubes from his bugle, and then "Reveille," in a cracked tone much like the Liberty Bell with a hangover. Free to return to bed, he does so, merely slipping off a pair of bedroom slippers which he has worn for expedition.

Does the camp spring to life? Brother, have you ever been there? If not, the answer is: No, but the sergeants do. Now the daily routine begins. As breakfast approaches, the corporals consider the most nearly uniform way to move a platoon from the tent lines on one side of the square to the mess hall on the other, though every man must get there first. The result is demoralizing. A pleasant accompaniment to these field manoeuvres is provided by the bugler, who, advised in his bed by ominous rumblings that "Come to the Cook-house" should be blown, appears out on the square again to assume that nonchalance peculiar to buglers. Immediately after breakfast, during and following the sterilizing of china, silver, and kitchen service, the men busy themselves with a will at sprucing up the tent lines. This is accomplished while the sergeants and corporals give shouts of encouragement and good cheer to the men.

Next the sick parade is sounded. (Why the term

"Parade" is given to this cruel display of the human

infirmities I could never understand. Something like

"The Liars' Club" would seem more homely.) When

the whole camp responds, the orderly sergeant ex-

plains that this is not the C.O.'s (Commanding Officer's)

parade, PLEASE. However, the large minority who

remain are marched over to the hospital, many of

them obviously in agony, so that their progress is

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Co-ed Parade

the mummery

....by jabez

AC2 Nicol, Eric
R 204614

Dear Bob:

I am in receipt today of your letter of sometime inst., and I should like you to know that it has proved a wonderful counter-irritant to a laundry bill for eighty cents (80c), also received today. The latter was proffered by an oriental individual when I attempted to leave his establishment with my laundry, and I can describe his attitude only as being blatantly commercial. In a masterful display of self-control, I tried to show him arithmetically exactly why it would be impossible for me to live for the next week in the manner to which I was accustomed, viz., to the accompaniment of food, if I paid him the eighty cents. Whereupon he proceeded to show me, by means of a short hatchet produced from beneath the counter, just why it would be impossible for me to live in any manner whatever if I didn't pay him the eighty cents. Although I was legally entitled to an argument in rebuttal, my every instinct rebelled against creating a scene. Insouciantly, I tossed eighty cents onto the counter, a flurry of nickels and pennies.

"I suppose you ARE Chinese?" I sneered, the implication being that his attitude reeked of Japanese imperialism.

"You go now," he replied, evading my question and continuing to brandish the hatchet in a fashion that was in no respect redolent of southern hospitality. "Me belong to tongs."

"You belong to what?"

"Tongs, tongs."

"Don't mention it!" I riposted neatly. "Any time at all, any time at all."

With that, and my laundry, I minced out of his tastelessly appointed premises, returning "home" to find your letter lying on my Persian rug. I don't know who the Persian rug is, but I must admit that he does make a good rug, having been run over by a British tank and sent out here in exchange for a crate of B.C. apples. Heavily bearded, he provides a fine thick pile into which I can sink my feet, often sinking them right up to my hips, as he serves to conceal a hole in the ceiling of the room below.

Not that I mind living in a boarding house, you understand. Serving in a war which will see the survival of the fittest, I could find no better training ground than a boarding house dining room or salle de guerre. It requires years of patient apprenticeship, nerves of steel, and a bull-dog determination to get in to dinner first, and still have enough teeth left with which to eat it.

The dining room is kept in impeccable order, though, with fresh sawdust sprinkled on the floor every day and the bodies of the less fortunate tenants stacked neatly in the corner. On the walls are a number of remarkably fine trophies, including a moose-head on one side, with the inscription, "Shot At Mud River," while on the opposite wall hangs a well-preserved tenant-head, with the inscription, "Shot at Taking The Third Lump of Sugar."

Without a Morale

By LAMPLIGHT

The night was darker than usual. From his position among the trees at the top of the hill, he looked down on the figures scurrying insect-like back and forth from the shore to the cottage that stood at the foot of the precipice. The men moved slowly forward and ran back only to advance again with their burden.

"That Pierre," snarled the spectator from his position above, with his soft ways and lazy tongue. Tomorrow it will not be so lazy.

He crouched behind a stone to light his pipe. The tobacco was not very good and to smoke was forbidden, but he had always obeyed everything else. Surely he could afford the risk.

He fell to dreaming of his home, his little girl. It was seven months since he had seen her. Although he always said loudly that he had wished for a son, deep in his heart was his pride and love for the little blond child. She will have changed. Will she remember him? Was she happy since her mother left her? Something stopped his thought—loyalty, shame—but then, who could honor such a one as her. She did not understand. She was too human, too weak.

He stopped pacing, looked down through the trees at the crowd of humans working like diligent little animals.

His heart beat faster.

What was that? A twig, a rabbit?

They had frightened him before. No, disturbed, for naturally, he was afraid of nothing.

Maybe it was the sound of his own footsteps. He was tired of doing this night after night.

Of course, tonight, he was refreshed by his discovery. He and some comrades would go to see old Pierre tomorrow and ask him to show them his house again. And this time they would find it more interesting. Perhaps he would even be able to wait there and meet some of these people when they visit Pierre again. What

On a table at the end of the room, under a green light, sits a fat jar containing a pickled human brain. Whenever a tenant falls behind in his rent, she makes a point of removing the pickled brain during lunch, and serving the tenant boiled cabbage for dinner.

As I have been here only two weeks, I have yet not eaten enough food to know whether she is a good cook or not. I do know, however, that she has her specialty, something which she never tires of our eating, and that is canned peaches. In this life of uncertainties, we can cling to the knowledge that we shall always be having canned peaches for dessert. The woman is a positive wizard with the can-opener.

Then there are, of course, those occasions when she favors us with a special treat, such as canned pears. We always know when it is a special treat because a neon sign lights up above the kitchen door, reading "Special Treat! Special Treat! Special Treat!" while a bell clangs and a little man passes amongst us with a paper to sign.

The landlady is rather fussy, however, with regard to our bringing women to our rooms at night. In fact, she frisks us for jills every time we come in, and as I am quite ticklish, this form of enquiry evokes roars of laughter from me.

This, of course, tips off the rest of the tenants to the fact that I have come in, whereupon they all race for the bathroom, making me wait outside with my kindneys barking until they have had their fun.

Well, Bob, as you doubtless know, I am now in Calgary, as in Alberta. A festival was held recently at home, in celebration of my second anniversary away from home. I was desolated at being unable to be present, if only long enough to spit spitefully into the punch.

My first month and a half with the RCAF was spent in Toronto, a city in Eastern Canada, whose population is swelling daily, owing to the RCAF. (Owing to the number of men posted there, I mean. Ha, ha, ahem.) Toronto is a rather quiet city, with the silence disturbed only by the gentle rustle of growing bank accounts. The city is teeming with Big Executives, who are easily recognizable owing to their bowler hats. Unfortunately, there are a small number of little executives who also wear bowled hats so that they will look like Big Executives, and since they all have to ride on the street car, owing to gas rationing, the situation becomes confused. The Big Executives have retaliated by smoking expensive cigars on all possible occasions, blowing their superior smoke into the faces of everyone they meet, in an effort to counteract the meanness of the little executives. The little executives are attempting to counter this counterattack by having "No Smoking" signs placed in as many places as possible, including their offices. The picture is, as you can see, complex.

* * * * * Read "Boarding house" throughout. Not to be confused with home, which has no quotation marks but better accommodation, as well as parents.

Sister to a Regiment

They call her "Rebel," her name is Phy, and she hails from Virginia, but we nicknamed her "Merrylegs," because she's got the best looking pair of legs that ever came out of the States, and those legs are flying around on errands for soldiers lucky enough to be among her "Wolves"—her name for all GI's.

It's impossible to believe that one American girl could so change an army group. From the first day she arrived the entire atmosphere changed around what had been a rather drab but well-meaning club. Her merry laugh and her teasing cheer everyone. Rebel can spot a lone some or blue GI anywhere; right away she pulls some new trick to snap the worst case back to laughter. She can make a stranger feel the most welcome man around. American soldiers love to tease, and Phy can take it with the best. Her replies delight the boys so homesick for the snappy comebacks of American girls.

It's a pleasure to watch her in action—coming into the lounge one day and sighting a pretty dull-looking bunch of soldiers, she just started walking around on everybody's toes until the whole place was in an uproar.

Her lemon pies would have made Merrylegs famous! Men had heard of Phy and her pies long before furloughs introduced them. A certain bomber flies several hundred miles out of the way to pick up pies promised by Phy to certain jungle fighters when they left her vicinity. You have to be one of the gang that has descended on the Red Cross Club for Rebel's midnight snack before bumping back to camp really to appreciate how this gal knows her Wolves. Her coffee is the best anywhere, and leave it to her to teach Filipino cooks to make cheeseburgers!

She's perpetual motion—one moment sewing buttons on a shirt for some six-footer, the next, wrapping a picture for some GI to mail. She may be digging out a splinter; writing a letter to a worried mother, saying that she has seen Grant and that he looks like a million dollars; admiring the picture of a newly-arrived son; finding a Coco Cola she has hidden for Johnny because he's had bad news from home; settling an argument at a checkerboard; rumpling a head as she darts for the phone—and yet she is never too busy to stop to talk to anyone who seems to need it. Her apron strings are continually being untied by some soldier, and we live on teasing her about her southern drawl and battling about the war between the States.

She's as gracious to the lowly private as she is to the commanding officer, and they all vie for her respect. She can be a merry cutup or as dignified as a matron at a tea table. Tall and slender with sparkling blue eyes, she always looks as cool as a cucumber and refreshing as a whiff of lavender no matter what temperature. One morning we were to leave on a mission at 5:30, and there was Phy with a fresh

PATTER CHATTER, ALMA MATER

he'll wash the decks any day . . . Frank Meston, your editor last year, tied the nuptial knot over the summer holidays, and Bruce Hunter, Willis Martin's partner in crime, came out of the Yukon long enuf to make it legal with Shirley. Didja know that Secord Jackson (yeh, she finally snagged her degree) is simply stuffing her bridal box with "you know what's" so that she can wed Charlie at Xmas . . . and it wouldn't surprise us if Wedman, now crack Journal reporter, helped drag em in the church . . . Marilyn (Dimey) Diamond, who occasionally gave forth one of the finer things in The Gateway's literature, swore for better or for worse with George Miller the other night . . . Naomi Lang is really holding down a glamor job in the publicity offices of the Free French in Ottawa . . . Gordon Holgate, former circulation manager and now sub-lieut., tells his latest sea exploits to the son and heir we are told . . . Bill Hewson is apparently aspiring to win the Pulitzer Prize

this year, if we can judge from the recent effort of his that appeared in an overtown paper—his powers of description are really magnanimous . . . Gordon Brown, former news editor, when last seen was looking very virile in khaki, two pips up . . . Along with Jack Washburn and Stan Cameron, Ross Alger cuts a wide swath in his PO outfit.

Jim Barlow, when last seen, looked plenty lush as he sipped a coke in downtown Calgary in his sea suit.

We really have to hand to Marcel Lambert, who is determined to drag down that degree in honors poly ec., even in a prison camp. Marcell was Friday editor two years ago on The Gateway. Well, next time we'll see

if we can't locate more dope on all the little ones who came, saw and hooked a sheepkin from U. A.

P.S.—Meston sends greetings via telephone from the Manning Depot; says he's doing as well as his Flt. Sgt. will let him. If you can stand it, so can we, so see you all again in an early issue.

ARE YOU CONDITIONED

in English, Science, Mathematics or Language?

CLASSES IN SPANISH

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offers instruction in night classes in these courses

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F. S. McCall, B.A., D.D., Principal

MATH AND PHYSICS CLUBS

The first meeting of this session of the Math and Physics Clubs will be held Tuesday, Oct. 5, at 8 p.m., in Room A111.

A moving picture film will be shown by Mr. Brown, of the Department of Extension.

Dr. J. W. Campbell will then conduct a visit to the observatory to examine and, if condition are good, look through the new telescope.

Afterwards refreshments will be served.

Mary had a little cow,
And, oh, how it did stammer;
In place of every quart of milk
It gave a pound of butter.

Women's faults are many,
Men have only two.
Everything they say
And everything they do.

flower in her hair scrambling our eggs.

Try and describe her—you can't; she's a composite picture of sis, sweetheart, mother, nurse, housekeeper and perfect hostess. As an American girl in a foreign country, we are so proud of her that we want others to share our appreciation of one Phyllis Pedigo, of Covington, Virginia, in the good old U.S.A.—From Reader's Digest, Oct., 1943.

Women!

Men!

You have addresses of former students in uniform. Please check your addresses with those of The Gateway. Make certain that your friend gets the campus gossip.

GREETINGS STUDENTS!

So you're back in the classroom once more—meeting old friends and making new ones—settling down to another session of hard work and study—keying yourself for another season of the social activity that's so vital and wonderful a part of "going to Varsity"!

And you'll need clothes—and we have 'em—just the way you like 'em!

For you gals we've just about everything you could desire—frocks for the classroom, frocks for dates, frocks for dancing—and all the accessories to lend limitless possibilities to your campus wardrobe!

As for you men, well, we can outfit you from head to toe, too—and if you have your doubts just call around and see for yourself!

Yes, bless al your studious little hearts, we, EATON'S, are at your service! Call in at any time. Our warmest welcome awaits you!

Come See What's Buzzin Cousin!



T. EATON CO.
WESTERN LIMITED

Sweaters, Suits, Prominent At Freshie Mixer Dance; Girls Dress Attractively

BOWS AND GLAMOR PINS WORN

Moderate Dress Recommended

The Freshettes look bright and cheerful in their smart skirts and sweaters as they dash excitedly across the campus. Sweaters of all colors and shades are matched to both front and back. Unfortunately, war-time economy has pushed the lovely many-pleated skirt way back into the background, but there are still a good number of real wool sweaters on the campus. Pastel shades of sweaters are popular among the Freshettes, and they could take a hint from Ruth Waddell, who wears a big puppy-dog as a glamour pin. (Glamour pins make good Christmas presents, too.)

Bright bows can be seen bobbing up and down on well-combed Freshie heads. These add a pleasing touch designed to get their man. Flowers are nice in your hair too, if you can get any this late in

pleasure that would be! His eyes gleamed dangerously in the darkness.

Suddenly his breath was choked from him by a grip of steel.

His free hand clutched the air helplessly as his other was relieved of his German gun as his wrist cracked.

He lay lifeless amid the trees at the top of the hill.

The English and French soldiers continued their task of unloading the ammunition to be stored in old Pierre's basement under the carpet of green in front of his sea-side cottage.

The Manitoban.

Those Pre-War Days

Eureka Rail & Welding Co.,
Eureka, Ga.
December 3, 1938.

Mr. J. K. Jones,
Eliot House 1-29,
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear Sirs:
We beg you to excuse our slow
execution for your order of ten
army rifles. You will receive your
shipment as soon as government re-
gulations are made clear regarding
shipments of arms.

Yours truly,
L. M. SIMMS, Pres.

December 7, 1938.

Eureka Rail & Welding Co.

Dear Sirs:
I received a letter from you re-
garding a shipment of rifles. There
must be some mistake, as I have had
no dealings with your firm.

Yours truly,
J. K. JONES.

Eureka Rail & Welding Co.,
Eureka, Ga.
December 13, 1938.

J. K. Jones,
Eliot House 1-29,
Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Sir:
Yours of the 7th inst. duly re-
ceived and acknowledged. Due to a
mixup in our files, your order was
confused with another. Your ship-
ment of five heavy-duty army tanks
will be seen as soon as we receive
government approval.

Yours truly,
L. M. SIMMS, Pres.

Eureka Rail & Welding Co.

Dear Sirs:
You underestimate the mixup in
your files, as I have made no orders
with your firm either for rifles or
tanks.

Yours truly,
J. K. JONES.

Eureka Rail & Welding Co.,
Eureka, Ga.
January 11, 1938.

Mr. J. K. Jones,
Eliot House 1-29,
Cambridge, Mass.
Dear Sir:
Your order for one heavy cruiser,
Series D-1189cx3, has been trans-
ferred to our subsidiary, the Eureka
Stove & Casting Co. Shipment will
be made in secret as soon as con-
struction is complete. Thank you
for your patience.

Yours truly,
L. M. SIMMS, Pres.

Cambridge, Mass.,

February 1, 1939.

Eureka Stove & Casting Co.

Dear Sirs:
Once and for all, I wish you would
understand that I have made no

CHAMPIONS

Parcel Delivery

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Messages, Parcels

Trunks, etc.

A FAST RELIABLE SERVICE

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JUNIORS . . . SENIORS

REPORTERS . . . CARTOONISTS

POETS . . . FEATURE WRITERS

WE NEED YOU!



BASIC ENGLISH

"He who knows does not speak, he who speaks does not know."
—Lao Tse, quoted by Ogden and Richards.

* * * *

"I like to think of British and Americans moving about freely over each others wide estates with hardly a sense of being foreigners to one another. But I do not see why we should not try to spread our common language even more widely throughout the globe, and without seeking language advantage over any, possess ourselves of this invaluable amenity and birthright. Some months ago I persuaded the British Cabinet to set up a committee of ministers to study and report on Basic English. . . The first work on Basic English was written by two Englishmen, Ivor Richards, now of Harvard—of this university—and Ogden of Cambridge University, England, working in association. The Harvard Commission on English Language Studies is distinguished both by its research and practical work."

—New York Times.

* * * *

Basic is an international language complete in itself, and it is at the same time the best First Step for those who are going forward to normal English.

—Basic Step by Step: Ogden.

* * * *

Ethelbert Smith said he looked and found blood in the Basic English list but no tears or sweat, only he did find eye and face and water, and it was pretty good rendering. On the other hand, Smith confessed that Mr. Churchill was not wholly effective when he called Adolf Hitler a bad, dirty bird, when the thing which Mr. Churchill had in mind was a murderous guttersnipe, only in Basic English there is no murder or gutter or snipe.

—Editorial, New York Times.

* * * *

Out of the ocean of words it picks 850 key words. Of these 600 are names of things. Other words can be made with the help of those in the list. Besides these the learner starts with what might be called universal words, such as radio, alcohol, telephone, bar, club. Verbs are mostly blacklisted; only sixteen are left, verbs of all work. According to Dr. Ogden, basic words are so few that it is possible to go through the whole list "in fifteen minutes every day before any other work is done, till their sounds are quite clear, and their simple senses are fixed in the memory."

—New York Times.

* * * *

Prime Minister Churchill in his recent speech at Harvard University was the latest to come out in favor of a universal language as a medium of harmony in the world.

For this purpose what could be better than the English tongue? It is true that several so-called "International" but artificial languages have been invented, but their appeal is very limited. The fact is that English is already the most international language of the world. It is the mother tongue of more people than any other language except Chinese, and the total is approximately 200,000,000.

—Saturday Night, September 18/43.

* * * *

Some 800 millions of the world's people already speak English of a sort.

—New York Magazine, September 18/43.

* * * *

Basic English has the courage to make no distinction between shall and will and between should and would. Actually, the speech of nine persons in ten has been breaking down into Basic English for many years. Mr. Ogden finds America further advanced in that respect than his own land. He hears New Yorkers say, "Put me next," "Put her wise," "Get bus," and "Pit it over," and he rejoices.

—Readers' Digest.

* * * *

So, even in wartime, Basic English marches on. Cheered by Presidents, Prime Ministers and marshals of great armies, it does its bit in a world badly in need of a supranational language. Its friends think it can't be stopped.

—New York Times.

QUOTEUNQUOTE.

When Knighthood Was in Baking Soda

(Recipe a la Ogden Nash)

Isn't it funny to think that castles were once lived in and had garbage, which was very insanitary because they didn't cart it away and had no disinfectant to put on the larvae, And knights rode around in armor, Which was intended to protect you from harm or inflict it, and if a fellow knight slapped you on the back and said, Hi Chum, It nearly killed you, and isn't it a pity you didn't know about Aluminum. You rode around on a very old style Chevrolet, Which didn't need tires but sometimes rolled on you and ate hay, And witches went about turning you into frogs and things by very offensive spells,

And trumpets were used for doorbells. And you had moats at your front door step, which is as good a place as any to get a wetting, And ladies went around in glorified mosquito netting, And being shy and demure, Although they had never heard of Lifebuoy or a sewer. And in the basement of every castle They had several dungeons for every vassal, Which probably would have been you for England was ruled by minorities, And they all had priorities, And locked up you and tortured you with ropes and fire and racks If you didn't pay your income tax. Which only goes to show that society is always lopside, And it's always best to be on the top side.

—The Sheaf.

JUST FOR PRACTICE

Beneath the chilly autumn sun I block and tackle, charge and run. I rove about the football field Until my muscles are congealed. Yet somehow I don't really care To die for dear old Anywhere. In spite of all my padded gear, I feel one nearly shredded ear Become a cauliflower bud, Well mottled with red specks of blood. Meanwhile this very liquid flows In throbbing rivers from my nose. And something equally untoward Has happened to my spinal chord, For as I move I hear the grate Of vertebrate on vertebrate.

My Quadriceps Extensor Femurs Trail from off my thighs like streamers. Other muscles are, of course, Enstiffened by the Charley Horse. So if you wonder why I play, It's just because I have my day. For during games I sit with ease And watch my teammates pull and squeeze. They drop in attitudes forlorn, Their eyes, their teeth, their senses gone. I see the one who blacked my eye Stretched out beside the field to die. Their bones break off, their muscles wrench While I sit safely on the bench.

—Harvard Lampoon.

AM I ODD?

Am I odd
Because I don't like petting?
Or, am I odd
Because I don't like betting?

Am I wrong
Because I don't like drinking?
Yes, maybe I'm wrong
Because I prefer thinking.

They say I'm queer
because I don't like kissing.
Yes, they say I'm queer
that I don't know what I'm missing.

Am I mean
Because I don't spend freely?
Yes, I guess I'm mean
But I'd much rather save, really.
Am I insane
Because I don't like living?
I must be insane
When I like rhythm-less driving.

Am I right
To avoid life's riotous places?
Surely I'm right
To seek and long for wide, open spaces.

Am I unsound
Because I refuse a love date?
You'd say I'm unsound
Because I'd rather ski, swim or skate.

Perhaps I am odd—
Who knows—the missing link?
Yes, maybe I'm odd.
Tell me, what do you think?

THE PIGEONS

Oh, gray and grubby, dirty bird,
Oh, thimble-witted Pigeon,
Your tastes are low, your life absurd,
Your haunts are drab and stygian,
You do not wing the purer air,
But strut about the gutter.
I hate your cold, moronic stare;
The stupid coos you utter.
I hate your peristaltic walk,
Oh gross, ungainly, pigeon.
Far better is the vanished Auk,
The Albatross or Widgdon.
But still you have a tasty breast,
And meaty second joints.
You live near by, and what is best,
You don't cost any points.

—AGO.

Semi-Tailored Dressmaker Suits

Smart and Practical as Fall suit or Two-Piece Winter Suits
29.50 and 35.00

Double duty suits for they may be worn now on bright warm days without a coat and later under a coat as a two-piece frock.

Dressmaker and semi-tailored styles with one- and three-button fastenings . . . long and short revers . . . Skirts with front or black pleats. Tailored from fine all wool in tan, brown, green, blue and grey. Sizes 12 to 20. Priced at \$29.50 and \$35.00

Two-piece Novelty Wool Sport Suits
Combination Stripes and Plaids, at
11.95 and 12.95

Johnstone Walker Limited 1886

Responsibilities

Go With Rights



In no other country in the world do citizens enjoy more wholly the privileges and rights of free democracy than do we in Canada.

But the very nature of democracy that creates those rights, creates the responsibility of maintaining them.

Hundreds of thousands of young Canadians have decided that Canada is worth fighting for. We other hundreds of thousands at home MUST decide that Canada is worth working for—saving for—lending for.

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SPORTS



JUNIOR GOLDEN BEARS MAY SEE ACTION

Coach Hays Has Fine Junior Team; May Play Two Games With Calgary

Moher Awaiting Reply

INTERFAC LEAGUE TO OPERATE INDEPENDENTLY

Calgary Would Travel Here

OLD SENIORS TO PLAY IN INTERFAC

Those football guys and gals who like the great fall sport supercharged with a touch of intercollegiate or intercity rivalry, may yet have a chance to stand up and cheer before the 1943 season comes to an end.

If plans, which already have the blessing of the University authorities, Presidents Gerry Amerongen and Bob Schrader, of Students' Union and Men's Athletic Board, respectively, materialize, t' Calgary junior squad will come to Edmonton the weekend of October 23 to play a U. of A. squad of under age gridsters for the provincial title.

Keep your fingers crossed, your favorite rabbit's foot warmed up, or employ any other favorite good luck charm in the interests of something coming of the challenge which is already in the hands of the southerners.

You see, Football Coach Tommy Hays and Interfaculty enthusiasts Bob Robertson and Jack Jorgens, are definitely of the opinion that the institution is blessed just now with sufficient high class junior pigskin toters to seriously contest the Alberta title. In fact, the idea has been in the back of Coach Hays' head for some months now, and he was quick to suggest its possibilities at the first workout last Saturday.

With Stan Moher as the Director of Athletics at the U—a promotion from his last year's post as "Dean of Hockey"—we can expect a well-organized and carefully planned sports schedule for the '43-'44 session. Stan has done a great job on hockey in the past, and we can be sure the whole sports picture will blend together much more smoothly than we've been used to for some time.

At this time every year a dramatic appeal is made to the Freshies to get in and fight for a spot on the athletic field. Usually they turn out in good numbers after being coaxed a little. That they've done well can be seen by looking at the number of Freshmen on last year's basketball, football and hockey squads.

We urge every Freshman who was any good at all in his little old home town to get out here and show his stuff. He'll find that the going isn't too tough at all. How about it, Freshies? Let's see what you've got! Everybody's with you.

With deep regret we learned that the Golden Bears football team will not take shape this fall. A wartime casualty, the Golden Bears, who last winter were not represented in hockey either, will exist only in basketball this winter. However, Interfaculty football will boom, and should surpass the record of last fall when the teams played the finest interfac games ever. And here, too, Freshie, interfac rugby managers just cry for men. Maybe they haven't heard of you (some of them aren't any too well informed, you know), so let them know where to get in touch with you. All the dope on interfac will appear on this and next week's Gateway.

Elsewhere on this page is an article of interest to golfers. This is a new field, and due credit shall be accorded the winner. Entries have been coming in well, so the tourney should be something to take in.

Plans to have a junior team from the U. of A. play Calgary for the provincial junior title on Oct. 23rd may have to be altered, in view of the fact that a city inter-services league, still in the making, might produce a winner which would necessitate an Edmonton playoff. At any rate, the under-age kids will get a chance under the lights at Clarke Stadium, and that ought to be a real game.

Details of this proposal will be contained in one of the next Gateways. They're indicative of a big sports year.

ATTENTION SWIMMERS AND WOULD-BE SWIMMERS!

Would you like to have fun and find new friends? The Swimming Club will do this for you, and also will provide healthful exercise and relaxation for studies.

We will swim at the Y.W.C.A. pool every Thursday evening from 8:45 to 10:15. The first meeting will be next Thursday, Oct. 7. A health certificate is required, which you may obtain from the Infirmary.

If you cannot swim, do not hesitate to come, as we will have instructors to teach you.

For any further information telephone either the girls' president or the boys' president: Alice Stewart-Irvine 72250, George Smith 34407.

DIRECTOR



Stan Moher, Director of Athletics, who has prepared a complete schedule of sporting events for interested parties. Mr. Moher announces that tennis and golf tournaments will soon be under way; rugby starts immediately and basketball will soon follow. A track meet is also promised.

Lady—I want a box of powder, please.

Fresh Clerk—You mean the kind that goes off with a bang?

Lady—No, clever one, the kind that goes on with a puff.

Swim Pool Opens For Varsity Fans

Next week the Swimming Club will be in full swing for the next year. The first meeting will be on Thursday next at 8:45, and from then on at the same time, same day, of every week. But better watch the bulletin boards in case there may be any changes.

The Freshie class of this year seems to be very keen on swimming, and it looks as if there is going to be a real turnout. Come on out, all you swimmers and divers, and really show what you can do. There should be a good crowd of second year girls since their swimming can be counted as part of their work. Now what better inducement could the second and third year men have?

Remember that you must have your health certificates before you can be admitted to the pool. The pool, by the way, is the Y.W.C.A. swimming pool—you all know where that is. You can obtain the health certificates from the Infirmary between 12 and 1 p.m. Many of the Freshies will already have theirs—so don't forget to bring them.

FIRST GAME AT VARSITY GRID—SATURDAY

There is still time to get in the Tennis Tourney.

Dr. McEachran Will Kick Off

Last Year's Finalists Hold Grudge Battle

The first rugby game on the campus this year will take place at the Varsity Grid, Saturday afternoon. As there is no Senior rugby this year, all those interested in the game are playing in a large interfaculty league composed of four teams: Engineers, Aggies, Med-Pharm-Dent and Arts-Com-Law.

All four teams were out last Saturday afternoon for a workout. The Engineers were out in full force, fifty strong, while all other faculties were represented in varying degrees,

except the Meds. Rumor has it that the Engineers are a cinch for the trophy, but I was talking to an Aggie, who has other ideas. There will also possibly be a game between the Med-Pharm-Dent Club and the Arts-Com-Law team Sunday, about 2:30, depending whether these faculties can get enough men to make up a team.

Here's another rumor: Varsity will probably chose a junior team to contest Calgary for the provin-

cial junior title some time in the latter part of October, depending on when the Calgary schedule is over. So things are looking up this fall. How about coming out to that game Saturday at 2:30. It's not scrub rugby, because the boys are being coached by Tommy Hayes again this year. All the emphasis is on Inter-faculty rugby this fall, so we feel it's worthy of your patronage. How about it? See you Saturday—it's free.

BOB ROBERTSON,
Manager of Rugby.

Sporting Goods, Trunks, Bags,
Suit Cases, Musical Instruments
All moderately Priced
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Where quality and service have met for 24 years

A HEARTY WELCOME



Cheery, Efficient Service . . . Meals at Reasonable Prices . . .
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AWAIT YOU AT

LITTLE TUCK

St. Joseph's Cafeteria

"THE GOOD CHEER HOUSE WHERE OLD FRIENDS MEET"

FOUND
Found in the Arts Building, a repair ticket stub marked, "Positively no goods delivered without this check. No. 2924." Owner may have same by calling at Gateway Office.